The Afric Pilgrim

From Original Designs by

J. T. STEPHENS.

NEW YORK.
Published by Hurst & Houghton.
501 Broadway cor. Walker St.
1848.

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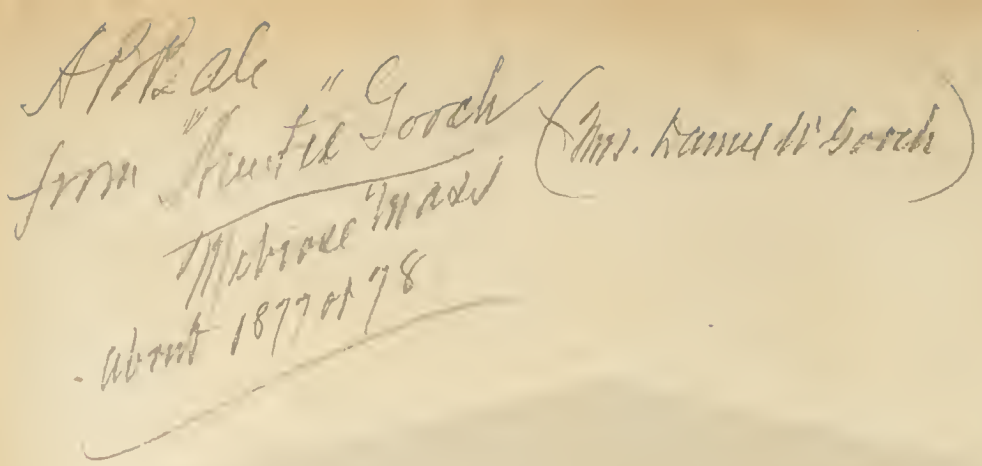

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The Fibe

Little Pigs

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401 Broadway cor. Walker St.
1865.

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This Pig the eldest was of five,
Who with their mother dwelt,
And he a Donkey used to drive,
That had a shaggy pelt.

As to the town he wended slow,
All on a market-day,
The Donkey would no further go,
But sat him down to bray.

So Piggy took the harness off
That aggravating elf,
Dismissed him with a withering scoff,
And drew the cart himself.

The second Pig, a varlet rat,
Remained at home and took
Delight in dressing up the Cat
To imitate the Cook.

And sometimes, when his mother went
Abroad to see her kin,
The varlet would indulge his bent
By drinking up her gin.

In consequence he lay half-dead,
One evening in October,
When she cold water on his head
Poured until he was sober.

The third Pig always had roast beef
On Sunday for his dinner.
He never caused his mother grief
Like the last mentioned sinner.

Brave as a Lion, too, was he.
One day he soundly thrashed
A Bully-Pig who, brutally,
A small Pig's hat had smashed.

And then the little Pig he led
Away from that Pig vile,
And purchased for his ill-used head,
A hat of recent style.

The fourth Pig, through his whole career,
No roast beef ever had,
In books he would not persevere,
Which made his mother sad.

All day about the streets went he.
And scattered orange-peel.
Upsetting old Pigs, frequently,
Who on it set a heel.

Until Police-Pig Number 2.
Him into prison cast,
And so this flagrant Pig unto
A bad end came at last.

And now my pen, (my Pig-pen, eh?)
Unto the fifth Pig comes.
He on the banjo loved to play,
And partial was to drums.

A linguist excellent was he
Likewise, and when addressed
In French, would promptly say "Wee! wee!"
With manner self-possessed.

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